

# ORIENT AND OCCIDENT.

BY P. B. WEST.

With a ready fleet, and well manned craft,  
When all are under way,  
From the monster coil, and reel and shaft,  
And brakes that well belay;  
Safe, leagues upon leagues of cable glide,  
Which the blue Atlantic waves now hide.

Low down in unfathom'd caverns deep  
It sinks, nor raging storm  
Disturbs it there, quick its pulses leap,  
Swift flows thro' currents warm,  
Nor heeds the wrecks by its pathway strewn,  
Or the sea-born gems to light unknown.

On a wave-washed strand of Orient,  
Secured by guarded wall,  
There moored in an eyrie closely pent;  
Hard by where sea-waves fall,  
The electric flame is all aglow,  
While the censors watch its ceaseless flow.

And rays, from its rock-built castle leap,  
As lightning from the cloud,  
They pass the barriers of the deep,  
Nor list its surges loud,  
Beneath where the wild tornado sweeps,  
This silent motor a vigil keeps.

All hearts rejoice, this magical flame  
Illumes the western shore!  
Occident wakes, and the loud acclaim  
Resounds the wide world o'er.  
Continents old, and isles of the sea  
Send greetings—all hail the jubilee.

Is there reward for the noble band  
That dared the trackless wave;  
To unite the old and new-found-land,  
For deeds—heroic—brave?  
Their fame for aye, like the lightning's gleam,  
More radiant glows, than the morning beam.